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10-10-2014

# Senior Recital: Joseph Fritz, tenor

Joseph Fritz

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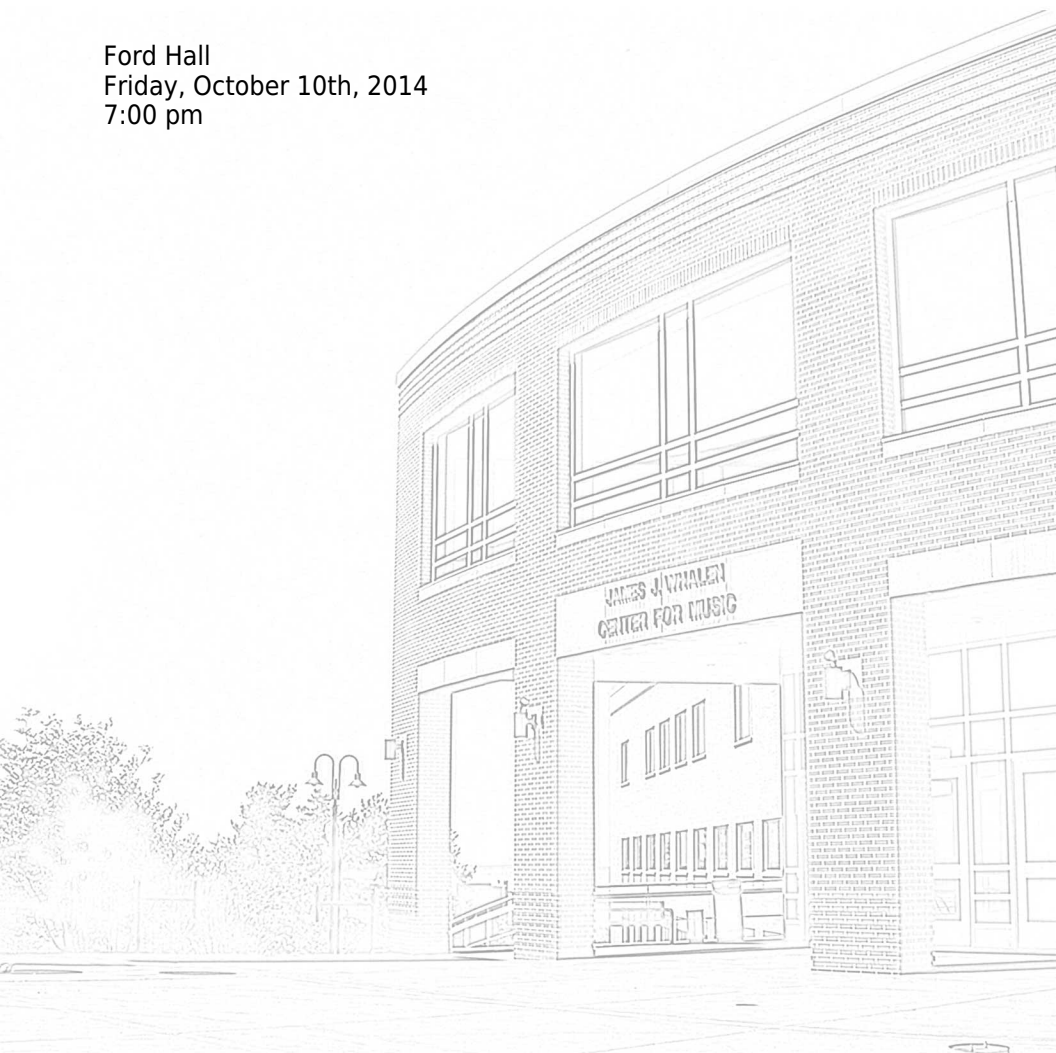
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**Senior Recital:**  
Joseph Fritz, tenor

Blaise Bryski, piano  
Colleen Mahoney, violin  
Lyndsey Boyer, soprano  
Rachel Ozols, mezzo-soprano

Ford Hall  
Friday, October 10th, 2014  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Er ist's  
Gebet  
Abschied

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Clair de lune  
La mort d'Ophelie  
Danse Macabre

Camille Saint-Saëns  
(1835-1921)

*Colleen Mahoney, violin*

## Intermission

Out of Winter  
I.  
II.  
III.  
IV.  
V.  
VI.

Jonathan Dove  
(b. 1959)

## Pause

Ah mai non cessate  
Ma rendi pur contento  
O del mio amato ben  
Mattinata

Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)  
Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)  
Stefano Donaudy  
(1879-1925)  
Ruggero Leoncavallo  
(1857-1919)

I've Decided to Marry You

Steven Lutvak  
(b. 1959)

*from A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder*  
*Lyndsey Boyer, soprano*  
*Rachel Ozols, mezzo-soprano*

## Translations

### Er ist's

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band  
wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.

Veilchen träumen schon,  
wollen balde kommen.

Horch, von fern ein leiser  
Harfenton!

Frühling, ja du bist's!

Dich habe ich vernommen!

Spring lets her blue ribbon  
flutter in the breeze again;  
a sweet, familiar scent  
sweeps with promise through  
the land.

Violets are already dreaming,  
and will soon arrive.

Hark! In the distance - a soft  
harp tone!

Spring, yes it is you!

It is you that I have heard!

### Gebet

Herr, schicke was du willst,  
ein Liebes oder Leides;  
ich bin vergnügt, daß beides  
aus deinen Händen quillt.

Wollest mit Freuden  
und wollest mit Leiden  
mich nicht überschütten!  
Doch in der Mitten,  
liegt holdes Bescheiden.

Lord, send what You will,  
may it be love or sorrows;  
I am content with both  
that pour from Your hands.

May You with love and  
may You with sorrows  
not overwhelm me!  
For in the middle,  
lies blessed modesty.

## Abschied

Unangeklopft ein Herr tritt  
Abends bei mir ein:  
"Ich habe die Ehr',  
Ihr Rezensent zu sein!"  
Sofort nimmt er das Licht in die  
Hand,  
besieht lang meinen Schatten  
an der Wand,  
rückt nah und fern:

»Nun, lieber junger Mann,  
sehn Sie doch gefälligst mal  
Ihre Nas' so von der Seite an!  
Sie geben zu, daß das ein  
Auswuchs is'."  
Das? Alle Wetter - gewiß!  
Ei Hasen! ich dachte nicht,  
all' mein Lebtag nicht,  
daß ich so eine Weltsnase führt'  
im Gesicht!

Der Mann sprach noch  
Verschiedenes hin und her,  
ich weiß, auf meine Ehre,  
nicht mehr;  
meinte vielleicht, ich sollt' ihm  
beichten.  
Zuletzt stand er auf; ich tat ihm  
leuchten.  
Wie wir nun an der Treppe sind,  
da geb' ich ihm, ganz  
frohgesinnt,  
einen kleinen Tritt,  
nur so von hinten aufs Gesäße  
mit - alle Hagel!  
ward das ein Gerumpel, ein  
Gepurzel, ein Gehumpel!  
Dergleichen hab' ich nie  
gesehn,  
all' mein Lebtag nicht gesehn  
einen Menschen so rasch die  
Trepp' hinabgehn!

One evening, a man walked into  
my house without knocking:  
"I have the honor  
to be your critic!" [he says.]  
Immediately he takes the light  
in his hand,  
gazes long at my shadow on the  
wall,  
stepping close and then  
stepping back:  
"Now, my good young man,  
kindly see how  
your nose looks from the side!  
You must admit that it is an  
unsightly growth."  
This? Good gracious - so it is!  
My word! I never imagined  
- my whole life long -  
that such a world-sized nose I  
bore on my face!

The man said various things  
about this and that,  
and on my honour,  
I don't remember;  
perhaps he thought I should  
confess my sins to him.  
Finally he stood up and I lit his  
way out.  
As we stood at the top of the  
stairs,  
I gave him, cheerfully,  
a small kick from behind,  
on the backside, and Good  
Heavens!  
what a rumble, a tumble, and a  
hobble!  
The likes I have never seen,  
in my entire life,  
seen a man go so quickly down  
the stairs!

## Clair de lune

Dans la forêt que crée un rêve,	In a forest which was created by a dream,
Je vais le soir dans la forêt;	I walked, in the evening, through the wood;
Ta frêle image m'apparaît	your faint image appears to me
Et chemine avec moi sans trêve.	and forever walks with me.

N'est-ce pas là ton voile fin,	Is this not your delicate veil,
Brouillard léger dans la nuit brune?	the light fog in the dark night?
Ou n'est-ce que le clair de lune	Or is it the moonlight breaking
A travers l'ombre du sapin?	through the dark fir trees?

Et ces larmes, sont-ce les miennes	And these tears, are they mine
Que j'entends couler doucement?	that hear gently flowing?
Ou se peut-il réellement	Or can it really be,
Qu'à mes côtés, en pleurs, tu viennes?	that you, my love, walk by my side in tears?

## La mort d'Ophelie

Au bord d'un torrent, Ophélie	Beside a stream, Ophelia
Cueillait tout en suivant le bord,	gathered along the bank,
Dans sa douce et tendre folie,	in her sweet and tender madness,
Des pervenches, des boutons d'or,	some periwinkles, some buttercups,
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,	some opal colored irises,
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle,	and some of those pale pink flowers,
Qu'on appelle des doigts de mort.	the one they call dead men's fingers.
Puis élevant sur ses mains blanches	Then lifting in her white hands
Les riants trésors du matin,	the happy treasures of the morning,
Elle les suspendait aux branches,	she hung them on the branches,
Aux branches d'un saule voisin;	on the branches of a nearby

Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie, Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.	willow tree; but being too frail, the branch bent, it broke, and the poor Ophelia fell, her garland in her hand.
Quelques instants, sa robe enflée La tint encor sur le courant, Et comme une voile gonflée, Elle flottait toujours, chantant, Chantant quelque vieille ballade, Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade Née au milieu de ce torrent.	In some moments, her robe spread out, and bore her on the current, and like a swelling sail, she floated, still singing, singing some old ballad, singing like a naiad born in the midst of the stream.
Mais cette étrange mélodie Passa rapide comme un son; Par les flots la robe alourdie Bientôt dans l'abîme profond; Entraîna la pauvre insensée, Laisant à peine commencée Sa mélodieuse chanson.	But this strange melody faded quickly like a passing sound; the dress weighed down by the waters soon into the deep abyss; and dragged down the poor, mad girl departing just as she began her melodious song.

## Danse Macabre

Zig et zig et zig, la mort en cadence Frappant une tombe avec son talon, La mort à minuit joue un air de danse, Zig et zig et zag, sur son violon.	Tap, tap, tap - Death rhythmically taps a tomb with his heel, Death at midnight plays a gigue, Tap, tap, tap, on his violin.
Le vent d'hiver souffle, et la nuit est sombre, Des gémissements sortent des tilleuls; Les squelettes blancs vont à travers l'ombre Courant et sautant sous leurs	The Winter wind blows, the night is dark, The lime-trees groan aloud; White skeletons flit across the gloom, Running and leaping beneath

grands linceuls.

their huge shrouds.

Zig et zig et zig, chacun se  
trémousse,  
On entend claquer les os des  
danseurs,  
Un couple lascif s'asseyait sur la  
mousse  
Comme pour goûter  
d'anciennes douceurs.

Tap, tap, tap, everyone's astir,  
You hear the bones of the  
dancers knock,  
A lustful couple sits down on the  
moss,  
As if to savour past delights.

Zig et zig et zag, la mort  
continue  
De racler sans fin son aigre  
instrument.  
Un voile est tombé! La  
danseuse est nue!  
Son danseur la serre  
amoureusement.

Tap, tap, tap, Death continues,  
endlessly scraping his shrill  
violin.  
A veil has slipped! The dancer's  
naked!  
Her partner clasps her  
amorously.

La dame est, dit-on, marquise  
ou baronne.  
Et le vert galant un pauvre  
charron -  
Horreur! Et voilà qu'elle  
s'abandonne  
Comme si le rustre était un  
baron!

They say she's a baroness or  
marchioness,  
And the callow gallant a poor  
farmhand.  
Good God! And now she's gives  
herself,  
As though the peasant were a  
baron!

Zig et zig et zig, quelle  
sarabande!  
Quels cercles de morts se  
donnant la main!  
Zig et zig et zag, on voit dans la  
bande  
Le roi gambader auprès du  
vilain!

Tap, tap, tap, what a saraband!  
Circles of corpses all holding  
hands!  
Tap, tap, tap, in the throng you  
can see  
King and peasant dancing  
together!

Mais psit! tout à coup on quitte  
la ronde,  
On se pousse, on fuit,  
le coq a chanté  
Oh! La belle nuit pour le pauvre  
monde!  
Et vive la mort et l'égalité!

But shh! Suddenly the dance is  
ended,  
They scramble and take flight -  
the cock has crowed;  
Ah! A beautiful night for the  
poor of the  
world! And long live death and  
equality!



## **Ah, mai non cessate**

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro  
parlar,  
o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo'  
col miel delle vostre parole vo'  
far  
un dolce guanciale su cui  
dormirò.

O sonni beati da niun mai  
sognati  
che su quel guanciale dormendo  
farò, dormendo e sognando,  
vicino al tuo cor,  
il dolce, desiato mio sogno  
d'amor.  
Ah! dormendo, sognando,  
sognando d'amor!

Ah, never cease from your  
talking,  
oh desired lips which I madly  
want;  
with your words I want to make  
a sweet pillow on which I will  
sleep.

Oh blessed dreams that no one  
ever  
dreamed, that I will make,  
sleeping on that  
pillow; sleeping and dreaming,  
close to  
your heart, the sweet, desired  
dream of  
love. Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of  
love!

## **Ma rendi pur contento**

Ma rendi pur contento  
della mia bella il core,  
e ti perdono, amore,  
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento  
più degli affanni miei,  
perché più vivo in lei  
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Just make happy  
the heart of my beautiful one,  
And I will forgive you, love  
even if my own heart remains  
unhappy.

Her troubles I fear  
more than my own,  
for I live more in her  
than in myself.

## O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto  
incanto!

Lungi è dagli occhi miei  
chi m'era gloria e vanto!

Or per le mute stanze  
sempre lo cerco e chiamo  
con pieno il cor di speranze.  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!  
E il pianger m'è sì caro,

che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni  
loco.

Notte mi sembra il giorno;  
mi sembra gelo il foco.  
Se pur talvolta spero  
di darmi ad altra cura,  
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:  
Ma, senza lui, che farò?  
Mi par così la vita vana cosa  
senza il mio ben.

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly  
beloved!

Far from my sight  
the one who was, to me, glory and  
pride!

Now through the empty rooms  
I always seek him and call  
with a heart full of hopes.  
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!  
And yet my weeping is so dear to  
me,  
since I nourish my heart with tears  
alone.

Everywhere seems sad without him.

The day seems like night to me;  
the fire seems cold to me.  
However if I sometimes hope  
to give myself to another:  
I am tormented by one thought:  
But without him, what shall I do?  
To me, life seems so empty  
without my beloved.

## Mattinata

L'Aurora, di bianco vestita,  
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,

Di già con le rose sue dita  
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!  
Commosso da un fremito arcano

Intorno il creato già par,  
E tu non ti desti, ed invano  
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar:  
Metti anche tu la veste bianca  
e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!

Ove non sei la luce manca,  
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor!

The dawn, dressed in white,  
has already opened the door to the  
sun,

and with pink fingers  
caresses with flowers.  
A mysterious trembling seems to  
disturb

within all nature,  
yet you will not get up, and in vain  
I remain here sadly to sing.  
Dress yourself, too, in white  
and open the door to your  
serenader!

Without you there is no light,  
where you are, love is born!